

The Daily Freeman.

EVENING EDITION.

The Freeman.
With his hand upon his charter,
And his feet upon the soil,
He will stand—on his knees—
For his Freedom and his God.

C. W. WILLARD, Editor.

J. W. WHELOCK, Printer.

MONTPELIER, VT.

FRIDAY, NOV. 29, 1861.

HAVING CHURNED OUR CAUSE WITHOUT GUILE
AND WITH PURE MOTIVES, LET US RENEW OUR
TRUST IN GOD AND GO FORWARD WITHOUT FEAR
AND WITH MANLY HEARTS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(Our War Correspondence.)

From the Fifth Regiment.

OUTPOSTS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Picket Line, near Lewinsville, Nov. 22, '61.

Mr. Willard—By good rights I should feel much better than I do to-day, before I undertake to write you an abstract of our last three days' service, embracing a review, a reconnaissance and a day and night on picket.

The review, as you have seen in the New York papers, was on Wednesday. It had been extensively advertised by city papers for a week or more before, and citizens as well as soldiers had made the necessary preparation for attending "the show" as we soldiers call it. Long before daylight, every camp of the Grand Army was aroused by the early reveille of the night stirring drum, or the mellow strains of the band playing "Hail to the Chief," who in triumph advanced. Blest by the music, every soldier was "out of blanket," and in a moment ready for his coffee and the march. It was about 3-1/2 o'clock when I arose, and at that early hour troops were passing, and far, far away I could hear their lusty, defiant shouting. "Hail to the Chief," "Hurrah for McClellan," "After he sees us to-day, he'll never halt us," and many other expressions showing their enthusiasm, and proving their confidence in their Chief Captain. God bless him! I have never before felt so much at ease, save perhaps my wife and child, but I do fear that my love and faith in that man is almost akin to worship. Everything being ready, the boys, neat, trim, full of light and fun, and accoutred in heavy marching order, with guns, knapsacks, boxes, haversacks, canteens and great coats, the march is found, and after the "cautious word" of our commander, "to do our best," the command is given, "Attention, shoulder arms—left face, forward march,"—when the battalion, left in front moves off, taking the road southward, via Falls Church and Munson's Hill. The road was over a rough and rugged country, constantly crossing ravines at right angles to our march, and every now and then winding through pastures and corn-fields, to avoid swamps and mud holes. After marching about three miles, the sun came out bright and warm, and under its influence and the healthy exercise of the fatigue, the whole command began to feel and breathe more freely. The great coats that were comfortable on picket, were, in heavy marching order, anything but comfortable, and many were tempted to throw them away. Finally, the command to "halt" was given, when the boys all unharnessed themselves, and taking Mr. Overcast, they lashed him on to the top of their knapsacks. The march being resumed, they felt much better. But it was not long before something else was the matter, boots and shoes began to pinch, corns to ache, and toes to blister. This was a little too much, or rather, too bad. Soldiers dislike above all things to "tucker," or "fall out." But it could not be helped, and it was not long before one and another, and still another, "fell out." And because we arrived at the Review Ground, the roadside was lined with small reserve parties from our own and other regiments. The poor fellows, of course were to be pitied, but the soldier gets but little sympathy for any such ail as sore feet, toothache, or any other of that class of troubles. On the contrary, they not only had to suffer, but also to bear the jest and sport of their passing comrades. All kinds of soldier lingo was hurled at them. "Who goes there?" "What reserve is that?" "Fall in, boys, nobody'll hurt you," "My sakes, McClellan will have another show for you to-morrow,"—and a hundred other like expressions. But, on we went, emerging from a big pasture about 10 o'clock, in front of the celebrated Falls Church. A few deserted houses, a very common "Meeting House," with sentinels patrolling everywhere, was all I saw in that neighborhood. Some of the residences bore evidence of having once been happy homes, but the trampled shrubbery, broken fences, and the deserted air told us that there was no more home there. Passing through this little village, with regiment after regiment on both sides of the street, as we filed through with our brigade, most of the time at "double quick," we came to sight of Munson's Hill, crowded with fortifications, troops, ordnance, and thousands of spectators. The hill is nothing more than an eminence that overlooks a large domain of forest, farms, and tilled fields, but in magnitude and height is nothing more than the hill in the rear of father's store, before the same had been excavated at all. The only difference in the two is simply this:—That the face of the country here gives a greater range than you have from the other. I had no time or opportunity myself to visit the hill, and get a bird's-eye view of its surroundings, but I may do so before long. Moving on to the South and East, we in a few minutes were on the Grand Review Ground, where we arrived as near as I could judge about eight miles. Thousands of troops were already there, and drawn up by divisions on the side of a hollow square. Our division (Smith's) being formed on the North side, in front of Bleeker's and in rear of McClellan's, the space between divisions being about two or perhaps three hundred feet. Up to about one o'clock, troops were arriving, coming in from every direction, infantry, cavalry and artillery, with furnished soldiers, glistening bayonets, prancing steeds, and polished cannon, while the respective Commanders of divisions, brigades and regiments were picking themselves out having the "best men," and watching every opportunity to make a grand display. About twelve we all stacked arms, and on the ground allotted us for parade we com-

menced hostilities upon haversacks and canteens, hard bread and soft bread, raw meat and "biled" meat, sausage, cheese, doughnuts, apples, pies, (suttler manufactured,) gingerbread, cold coffee, tea, and a general assortment of other cordials and comforts, were devoured instantaneously. The assault was terrific, and at the same time grand and peculiar. While in close contact with a piece of strong cheese, my attention was called by a fellow soldier to its animated properties, as the little fellows filed right and left over the surface. "Never mind," says I, "I am hungry now, and if they can stand it I can," thereby making an old story do a little extra service. Well, hostilities being suspended, we paraded again, and as we stood at a "rest," I took advantage of the time and strolled around to look at the troops.

They all looked well, and for the first time I felt that we had an army—an efficient army, and an army that will conquer. Every arm of the service is strong, save perhaps the artillery. I would like to see that strengthened. I visited some ten or fifteen batteries, but I saw no guns that came up to my idea of destructive field ordnance. But what pleased me most in the way of military, that had the most soldier in it was Stahl's Brigade of Germans, attached to General Bleeker's Division. They were all strong, stalwart men—soldiers the most of whom had seen service, either in European or American wars while their field officers were nearly all warriors, several of whom were upon their breast the badge of the Legion of Honor. I was very much pleased with this Brigade, as also were other officers with whom I conversed. In the battle field you may expect to hear a good report from these men.

Having seen all that I could conveniently, as the troops were arranged, I remarked to a fellow officer, that we had better return to our posts, and wait till the papers came out and give us an account of what we were seeing, and where we were, etc., etc. We did so, when, hark! the common salute, the bugle sounds, the colors wave, announcing that our Chief is approaching. Every man is at his post, silent and watchful. Whispers alone are heard, till the pompous cavalcade rises the more elevated grounds upon the right of the parade, then the music of fifty consolidated bands makes the walking ring with "Hail to the Chief." The procession moves, McClellan some eight or ten paces in advance, then the President, the Secretary of War, the Prince de Joinville, and the Staff and Body Guard—every man mounted upon a most beautiful charger. Passing down, first in front of McClellan's Division, then back in front of ours, (Smith's) then down again in front of Bleeker's, then off to the left and round to the southward west side of the square. Never, never did soldiers feel more hearty, and never did a Chief feel prouder or look more commanding than McClellan on that day—riding upon a most beautiful bay horse, the horse and the rider seemed to be one. I cannot probably give you any idea of how his presence seemed to impress me, but I can assure you that the mere sight of that noble man as he passed in front of his gallant soldiers, increased the efficiency of the army at least twofold. We all longed to see our Chief as he would look upon the battle-field. We wished to salute him with our banners, our muskets and our swords, and to receive in return his graceful bow, and silent, "God bless you," my soldiers, and it was for this as much as anything, as I believe, that the review was made. The General knew well what the effect would be. He also knew that every soldier in the army was more than anxious to see their commander; and now that they have met, Chief and soldier, face to face, he and they both have confidence in each other, and this confidence is efficiency, it is more, it is victory.

The review being completed by Divisions, we filed into line, McClellan in advance, and our next, the 5th Vermont occupying the right of our Brigade. The marching order was by battalion, on mass in column, and in this order we passed the General, the President and staff, who were drawn up in open order on an eminence near Munson's Hill. Again we received his salute, and as our Brigade approached, led on by our gallant General Brooks, McClellan turned to the President and remarks, "there comes my Vermont Brigade." Our Brigade has appeared well on every afternoon drill for weeks past, but never did they look or march better than then. Our ranks were not as full as we could have wished—sickness and death had reduced them. Then again, our Regiments were not all out, the 2d was in quarters, paying their respects to the man of all others that they like to see most, Uncle Sam's Paymaster; while the 6th was out on picket duty. We were all sorry that these two well-fitted and soldier-like Regiments could not be with us, to enhance the force and physique of our Brigade. However, we did well, and if any Brigade pleased the General much it was ours. The ground opposite the Staff, and on the right, my area of sixty acres, was crowded with civilians—all Washington was there—either on foot, horseback, or on wheels. They, of course, were there to see, and we to be seen, but I assure you that the sight of so many gay and pretty children and handsome ladies, was as fine a sight to us soldiers as we possibly could have been to them, and I can also assure you that many of us wished that our sweet-hearts, or wives or sisters or children, could have been there to see the greatest military display ever witnessed this side the Atlantic—70,000 men under arms!

All was now over, and in less than half hour every road, by-path, field and pasture was swarming with brigades and regiments on the march for their respective quarters. We, of course, took our old road home, but it was a long time before we could get fairly under way the road was completely blocked with footmen, carriages, straggling soldiers, and other regiments on their march to Camp Griffin. The homeward march was of course more fatiguing than the morning one. We had been all day on our feet, loaded down with a soldier's plunder, and were very tired. However, we proceeded on, and none "fell out" for the first three or four miles. Then our weaker men, those who had lost much of their strength by sickness, began to give out. Their comrades assisted them all they could, carried their guns and knapsacks, but some were so weak that they could hardly march. In our company there were several such, one young man had just recovered from the measles, and this was his first duty. I took his gun for him, though I felt overburdened myself, and a fellow soldier took his knapsack; the same was done with another who was equally weak. When within about three miles of camp Mr. Hodge, the hospital

clerk, under the instructions of Dr. Shaw, had these two men placed in an ambulance. Here they rode for half a mile, when the Major of the 4th Vermont came along and ordered them out. What authority he had for so doing I know not, but steps are being taken to ascertain. Both of these young men are men off from duty and will not be soldiers for a long time. Near seven o'clock we came into camp, had supper prepared and were ready for bed long before tattoo.—About eleven o'clock we were called on by the Sergeant Major and notified to be ready at 8-1/2 o'clock in the morning to move with the brigade on

A RECONNOISSANCE IN FORCE.

The receipt of this order, at the dead of night, after such a tramp as we had just made, was anything but pleasant, and I presume that it caused many to violate the third commandment.

Before day we were again up, preparing for the scout. In light marching order; that is, no knapsacks or blankets, and with forty rounds of cartridges, at 3-1/2 o'clock, the column moves, every man feeling glad of an opportunity to meet the enemy. In this scout there was the Vermont brigade, the Cameron Dragons and Ayer's battery of light artillery. Our march was via Lewinsville, past our outposts and on beyond Freedom Hill into the neighborhood of Flint Hill, where, we understood, the rebel pickets were posted. We had a lively, pleasant march. Every soldier knew his duty and was prepared for any emergency. We covered an action, and many a time did I hear the remark, "If we don't find them to-day I hope we will stay over night; I've got hard bread enough for forty-eight hours." When past the outposts one company from each regiment was deployed as skirmishers, to the right and left of the main body, and when about four miles out we came to some cross roads and by-roads, and neighborhood roads, and wood roads, leading in every direction.

Here we halted, on Freedom Hill, near an old church called Freedom church, the building being the one where Washington is said to have had his military court, but lately it was used by rebels as a council chamber, the deck and window sills being written over with the names of rebel officers, their companies, brigades, etc. Receding I saw just a glimpse of the church, taken from the deck. At these roads we were deployed by regiments and were no longer one body; but a system of signals was adopted that enabled our General to call us together at any moment. Our regiment, the 5th, was sent on in the direction of Vienna and halted in a large corn field, under cover of a heavy body of timber, and about one mile north of Vienna depot. After the halt three companies were sent out into the timber round about as skirmishers, while the rest of us lay on our arms in the corn field, speculating about what was going to turn up. Well, we lay there till after sundown and saw no signs of rebels. Leaving my company in command of my 2d Lieutenant, I obtained leave of our Lieutenant-colonel to make a reconnaissance on my own hook, for an hour or so. Taking a trusty Sergeant I started out, and soon found myself at an old farm-house occupied by a woman and six children. I conversed with her about Federal and rebel troops for some time, but could gather no information of any account. She was in every sense of the word a "know nothing"—she knew but little about us and less concerning the rebels. Anxious and determined to learn something, I thought of testing her faith in the rebel money question. I accordingly asked her if she ever had any of that currency, and if she had any on hand. "No, never use it, never had it," was her reply; but one of her little boys, a lad of some seven or eight years, spoke out, "I have some, Captain!" The woman blushed some, and told about the boy selling some cabbage for it. "But when and to whom was the sale made," I asked; and here again she met me with the "know nothing" argument. The money was a fifty cent note. I asked the lad for it, when his mother got it, the same being deposited in a junk bottle, done up nicely in brown paper. I took the note and gave the little fellow the silver for it; and enclosed piece found the same, which you will turn over to that society of little girls who have done so nobly towards providing for the winter necessities of our Vermont troops. They can keep it in their cabinet of rebel curiosities, as they accumulate from time to time. From the conversation I was satisfied that she felt necessitated to be as civil and courteous to our army as to the other.

Just before sundown we marched on retreat to a high piece of ground, waved our colors as a signal for the skirmishers to come on, and in about a half an hour they were all in. And a right hearty laugh we had when Company A came in. Nearly every man had his hat decorated with goose or turkey feathers, their haversacks filled with the slaughtered fowls, and about 400 pounds of fresh pork, strung upon the shoulders of the soldiers. They had cut up the swine into chunks of twenty or thirty pound weight, and in that way provided for its transportation. A more ridiculous and laughable sight I have not seen in years. You can imagine how a soldier would look, with a shoulder of hog meat with the hair all on, lashed on his back. They got a bad scold on that hog.

But we were soon on the home march again, Company I, being designated to march as a rear guard. We had a pleasant march, a jovial march. Every now and then a squad of men feeling glorious would break out with, "Pray on, sing on, ye followers of Emanuel!" As the result of this expedition we brought in from sixty to a hundred wagon loads of corn and hay, and found out where there is more to be had. That the rebels could get no news of our coming, at every house where there was a man or suspicious woman, we placed a sentinel to guard the premises. I understand that the skirmishers of the 4th regiment came in sight of rebel cavalry, some one or two miles from their position. About nine o'clock we were home again and all hands feeling well, no one tired or much disappointed, and by ten were all asleep. About eleven o'clock the Sergeant-Major (soldiers don't like Sergeant-Majors) stuck his head into our tent and gave me the interesting intelligence that myself and whole Company had been detailed for picket duty, to report at Headquarters at five o'clock, A. M. Here was trouble again—what's to be done?

THIRTY HOURS ON PICKET.

It occurred to me that we had nothing cooked for our men. I accordingly waited upon the cook forthwith, and to my great surprise it occurred to him that he had no wood to cook anything with. Making a virtue of a necessity, I said to him, the men can stand anything that I

can, fill their haversacks with hard bread and raw pork, and find or steal wood enough to make coffee for our canteens. All of which he did, and at half past four o'clock 250 men out of this Regiment were on the march for the outposts. I have but little to say about the duty as it is now performed. I consider it anything but right. From six to twelve I was on a reserve about one-half mile north of Lewinsville. This is another deserted village, that looks far more desolate even than Falls Church, though once it was a flourishing place, the abode of Northern as well as Southern families. There are about forty buildings I should judge, large and small, far and near, and as I marched through there on Friday night about eight o'clock, with my little squad of twenty men, there was no lighted windows to be seen, not a sound to be heard, and save the tramp of a mounted orderly, or the measured tread of some passing "relief," Lewinsville at night is a solitude.

About twelve o'clock I was posted with twenty men, two Corporals and a Sergeant, in a small and beautiful grove of second growth pines. The post was so situated that we could readily keep a small fire without being observed. I immediately posted ten men to relieve others who were then patrolling over an eminence near by. The only orders I received were, "to keep a good lookout, and let no soldier or citizen pass." Very well, with these instructions I posted my men. About two o'clock I sat down in the grove to eat my dinner, after which I visited my sentinels and learned that three mounted officers had been up, dressed in Federal uniforms, received a salute from the sentinels and passed in and back again outside the lines. "Did you challenge them?" I asked. "Why, no, they were our own men, N. Y. officers." "How do you know that?" I asked. "They said they were, and I knew one of them." "Very well that may all be so. I have no doubt but what they were our men, but suppose a rebel officer, dressed in the same uniform had approached you, would you not?" "I guess I should, but I didn't think of that." I then took the responsibility to instruct my sentinels to halt everybody, officer or no officer, and if he or they had no written pass or evidence of identity to arrest them. I could see no other way to do, though I was acting without instructions, but if other sentinels had no different orders than those given to me and my men, will someone inform me what there is to prevent even Jeff himself from coming our pickets by daylight, and seeing all he chooses to see, and be situated into the bargain! The instructions such as we did get, were, so to speak, second-hand, being given my men by the sentinels we released. I received none whatever from the 4th officer. He did not even visit my post.

I mention these things of course, not to create any difficulty or prejudice, but simply as a statement of facts, and to show, at least in part, how it is that a rebel knows all our plans. Let me or you be a rebel of the deepest dye, give us the uniform of a Vermont or New York Colonel or General, and a good horse, and any day we can pass our picket line, and repeat twenty times if necessary, with plans and specifications of all that this army is doing. What is to prevent? But if ever I am on picket again, I will take the chances of being placed on arrest, but what I will stop even McClellan himself, and make him prove who and what he is. Remember that I say this can be done, provided, sentinels are not instructed differently from what mine were, and I have no reason to think they are. Yes, I hope they are. So much for pickets. Remember also that it is of daylight that I am speaking, at night it is not so, no one could pass then, except in a balloon.

I have now given you all the details that occur to me that I think would interest you, and a long letter I have made of it. I have ever tried to be a close observer not only of men, but things, and all this is simply the result of my observation. I am glad to hear that more Vermont troops are coming, we will give them a soldier's welcome, and I believe that is simply an opportunity to work all the time and growl when they have a chance.

Yours, &c.,
SEE SEE ESS.

From Fort Pickens.

By the government steam transport George Peabody, which arrived at New York lately from Fort Pickens, Nov. 18, the New York papers have a variety of interesting intelligence from that quarter. We make the following selections:

When the Peabody sailed a battle was expected to take place at or about the end of the present week at which time it was supposed that reinforcements for Col. Brown, in command of our forces, would have arrived. Our telegraphic advices to-day give intelligence of the conflict which occurred last week.

From rebel dispatches it has been ascertained that a plan of attack against our forces had been made which contemplated the destruction, at a single blow, of the entire Federal force.

The plan was to land a force of about 5000 men at Deer Point, across the bay from Santa Rosa, and then to open fire from Forts McRae and Barrancas and the Navy Yard, besides the great number of batteries between these points. The Deer Point force was to cross to Santa Rosa at a point out of reach of the guns of our batteries, and then to attack Wilson's men, who they expected would come out to meet them with reinforcements.

The rebels were prepared to land another force between Fort Pickens and the position occupied by the Wilson Zouaves, intending to cut off the latter, and at the same time secure possession of the formidable batteries near the fort which guarded the approach to it. This accomplished, they supposed that the fort might be easily taken.

But the position of the federal forces was such that no attempt of this kind could even partially succeed. At a distance of a quarter of a mile from the Fort a ditch is dug nearly across the island, which at that place is half a mile wide. That portion of the island to which the ditch does not extend is so covered by the guns from the fort that it would be impossible for any force to pass through. The ditches on either side are fortified in the strongest manner with rifled cannon and columbiads, and peremptory orders are given to Wilson's men, in case of an attack, to retire immediately to these intrenchments, which, from their formation, it would be nearly impossible to storm. Very little apprehension of a successful attack on our forces was entertained.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE FREEMAN.

7 O'CLOCK, A. M.

The reconnaissance made on Tuesday by a squadron of the 3d Pennsylvania Regiment commanded by Capt. Bell, in the neighborhood of Vienna, resulted disastrously to such a hand round towards Hunter's Mills and had gone about 1-1/2 miles, when they suddenly found themselves hemmed in on three sides by an only a superior force of cavalry, but also of infantry.

The discharges of the rebel musketry, placed the horses of our cavalry by their riders. The animals having been but recently brought into service, and therefore unaccustomed to such alarms. The officers after several ineffectual attempts to get their men in line for the purpose of making a charge, ordered a retreat, which was effected in as good order as the peculiar circumstances permitted.

The skirmish was brisk, though of short duration. The rebel cavalry fired back shot from their carbines. The number of rebels killed and wounded is not known. John Boutwell, private in Company N, was killed. A rebel cavalry officer was also killed, and his horse captured. The mark on the saddle was "H. S. Davis, Ridgeway, N. C."

The missing up to 9 o'clock, Wednesday night belonging to Company F, are as follows: Corporal Isaac Carns, privates Philip Bough, Leonard Donahue, Oren Gregg, Morris Thompson, Joseph Driven, Andrew McFarland, James McIndley, John Phillips, James Parson, Joshua Rough, Samuel Shepard, Peter Wright.

Also the following belonging to Co. B: Sgt's Joseph Bryson, H. W. Walker, Corporals, Abel Ford and James Kings; Privates, Frank Carr, Michael Donahue, Thomas Donahue, Wm. Dougherty, Wm. McDonald, Hugh More, Chas. Piper, Chas. Sullivan, P. and Shoran.

Gen. Porter Wednesday morning sent out a squadron from the same cavalry regiment under the command of Capt. Robinson, consisting of companies A and F, for the purpose of ascertaining the facts in relation to the skirmish after they returned without bringing any important information.

A brigade of infantry under Gen. Butterfield was also dispatched for a similar purpose, but had not returned to their camp up to a late hour Wednesday evening.

About noon on Wednesday Gen. Porter received a communication from Gen. Burleigh stating that he had succeeded in finding two dead bodies belonging to the cavalry Regiment. These men had evidently succeeded in ramming themselves from the scene of the skirmish, after they had been fatally wounded. There was evidence of the presence of the enemy near the scene of the late conflict.

Halleck, Nov. 27. The steamer Hamana has arrived. She brings a report that the steamer Trent had reached England and that a frigate with dispatches to the United States had been dispatched. The report is doubtful.

A SUCCESSFUL SCOUTING EXPEDITION.

Washington, Nov. 27. The following dispatch was received from Gen. McClellan dated at Camp Pierpont.

"Col. G. D. Bayard with 700 men of the 1st Cavalry, Pennsylvania Reserve, marched last night at 9 o'clock with orders to proceed to Drainsville and capture a party of the enemy's pickets, understood to be there. He has just returned to-day with eleven prisoners, having killed two and wounded one of the enemy. Two of the prisoners are cavalry, the remainder are footmen. Col. Bayard had his horse killed and himself is slightly wounded; and I am sorry to report that Sergeant Alexander and one of our men are wounded. The prisoners will forthwith be sent to Washington."

The rebel blockade of the Potomac does not seem to have been vigorously enforced this week, as various have arrived here with cargoes of coal, wood and other domestic supplies.

ARRIVAL OF A MONSTER GUN FROM ENGLAND.

New York, Nov. 27. The ship John L. Dimmock has arrived from Liverpool with thirteen rifled cannon for the Government, including a 100-pounder carrying five miles. The latter goes to Fortress Monroe.

FROM MISSOURI.

Gen. Curtis issued orders to the following effect to check communication with the enemy, to prevent the conveying of contraband goods and to avoid the recurrence of assaults upon steamboats. The enter commerce of the Mississippi River below St. Louis is assumed, and will be directed by the military and naval authorities of the United States. None but Government boats will hereafter be employed at current rates as heretofore. All boats entering these waters will report at the first military post and stop, and proceed under orders at the discretion of the military commanders. Freight and baggage will be subjected to careful inspection.

The oath will be administered to all the employees and passengers, and the places of landing and departure will conform as nearly as possible to the custom of trade, but all commission and storage business must be transacted with openly avowed Union men.

Gen. Halleck has issued very stringent orders respecting the seizure of private property, and the arrest of persons, without sufficient cause. Gen. Sherman has taken command of our forces at Sedalia. There is nothing new respecting the movements of Gen. Price's army.

WASHINGTON AND VICINITY.

The transport Eagle arrived at Washington on Wednesday from Baltimore with forage, having run the blockade without damage.

The blockading vessels at the mouth of the Mississippi have the news sent to them by loyal friends in New Orleans, who enclose slips of newspapers and letters in bottles, which are sealed and floated down the river.

Louisville, Nov. 27.—The Rebel Convention at Russellville made a declaration of independence, and passed an ordinance of secession, and adopted the laws and constitution of Kentucky who they were not inconsistent with the acts of the rebel government.